

Come!



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My dear Miss

Arthur Jensen

May 31st / 00 -

“Come”

“Come”



Gospel Hymns

BY




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AUTHOR OF "THREE FRIENDS OF GOD," ETC.

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“Come”

THE CALL

“Unto you, O men, I call.”—PROV. viii. 4.

WHERE is the Voice that calleth me to come?

Around me is the endless midnight sea—
But through the wind that drives the restless foam
It calls to me.

It is a solemn and a tender Voice,

As if it called me from some unknown home—
As if there were some heart that would rejoice
To see me come.

It is as though some yearning arms stretched out

Would meet me could I find from whence it came—
For through chill mists of darkness and of doubt
It calls my name.

I cannot go to Him—I know Him not—

I know not where to find His dwelling-place,
But sweeter than all happy dreams the thought
To see His Face.

Still near, and ever nearer doth it sound ;

And nearer now than is myself to me ;
Lord Jesus ! I was lost, and I am found,
Sought, found by Thee.

COME

“Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”—MATT. xi. 28.

To Him Who is rest to the weary,
Who is to the hungry bread,
Is cleansing and health to the leper,
Eternal Life to the dead,
Christ calleth, “Come.”

To Him Who has known thy transgressions,
Has known the revolt of thy will,
Has known thy disease, thy pollution,
And knowing thee, loves thee still,
Christ calleth, “Come.”

Behold Him Whose agony darkened
The heavens when noon was high ;
Dishonoured, accursed, and abandoned,
Rejoicing for thee to die,
For love of thee.

Behold Him Whose crown thou hast woven
Of thorns of the curse and the ban,
Who now in the crown of His glory,
The risen, ascended Man
Yearns over thee.

Behold ! He has paid all the ransom
That sets thee eternally free,
And drunk to the dregs all the judgment,
The cup of the curse for thee.
All, all is done.

And now to the Home of thy Father,
And now to the heart of thy God,
To the joy that His agony measured,
To the glory won by His Blood,
Christ calleth, "Come."

CONSIDER THE LILIES

“He feedeth among the lilies.”—CANT. ii. 16.

“Why eateth your Master with publicans and sinners?”—

MATT. ix. 11.

ALL around Him and beside Him,
Sinners sat at meat—
Sinful men and sinful women—
Bread of Heaven they eat.

There for him who hath no money
Wine and milk He pours
From the blessed fields of Heaven,
God's exhaustless stores.

So they drank, the weary, thirsty,
That unfailing tide ;
And for ever and for ever
They are satisfied.

He on heavenly food was feeding,
Meat to them unknown,
Blessed will of God Who sent Him
Needing that alone ;

Sent to seek the lost and guilty,
Outcasts and despised,
Gems the hand of God would gather
For the crown of Christ.

So He fed amongst His lilies,
Saw them fair and white,
In the garden God had planted
For His own delight.

Only sinful men and women
Men could see and scorn ;
He beheld them crowned with glory
Of the heavenly morn.

Saw them with their palms of triumph,
With their harps of gold ;
Yet the same who sat around Him
In the days of old.

LIVING WATER

“Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.”—JOHN iv. 14.

WEARY on the well-side Jesus sat alone,

The burning noon above—

Guided by a Hand unimagined and unknown,

And by an unknown love,

Came another weary one, burdened with her shame,

A quenchless thirst within;

Came she with the brand and the ban of evil fame,

She came in all her sin.

Face to face with Him before Whose throne fall
down

The hosts of Heaven she stood,

Fallen and bemired, the outcast of the town,

The sinner before God.

Deep and sore her need, and yet more deep and dire

Because to her unknown;

Yet He spake of sorer need, deeper yearning of desire,

He told her of His own.

He the God before Whom falls the heavenly host,
Whose hands the worlds have made,
Suppliant before the fallen and the lost
The Lord of Glory prayed.

Water He besought to quench a sorer thirst
Than weariest hearts have known—
Sinner! that deep thirst of Jesus is the first,
Long, long before thine own.

First the love eternal, guiding weary feet,
Through lonely pilgrim years,
Long ere broken hearts shall come with ointment
sweet
And wash them with their tears.

Still He waits beseeching, "Give thou Me to drink;
O soul, I thirst for thee!
Wine of joy surpassing all that heart can think,
Art thou, Mine own, to Me."

Jesus! Lord, I give Thee all I have to give,
Myself with all my guilt—
Thou Thyself hast given, hast died that I might live,
So be it as Thou wilt.

Unto Him Who loved me, washed me in His Blood,
 Shall power and glory be,
Praise for life that floweth as a mighty flood
 From Thee, my God, to me.

There forgotten lies the water-pot that drew
 To drink and thirst again,
Now to seek the lost, went forth the soul that knew
 The Saviour of men.

RESURRECTION

“Said I not unto thee, that, if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldst see the glory of God?”—JOHN xi. 40.

WHERE should the weeping eyes behold His glory?
For Heaven was very far—
There might be light, and music, and rejoicing
Beyond some happy star. . . .

They took the stone away from that dark chamber
Wherein the dead was laid—
The place of foul decay, and dread defacing
Of that which God had made—

Of gloom and silence, where the awful wages
Of guilt are paid and stored;
Where hands that sinned, and feet that strayed and
wandered
Receive their due reward. . . .

Then Jesus lifted up His eyes, rejoicing
To praise the Father's Name,
And straightway from that pit of drear pollution,
Behold! the living came.

The glory of the Lord in fuller splendour
Than on the throne above ;
It is the triumph of the warfare ended—
Of God's victorious love.

Still glorious, still resplendent, where awakened,
The sinner hears His voice,
Comes forth from death and darkness of corruption
With Jesus to rejoice.

In dimness of man's miserable splendour,
In dens of foulest night,
The glory of the Lord as radiant morning
With voices of delight,

Ariseth day by day where Jesus standeth
And calleth to the dead,
For still His feet amidst the burial places
In their compassion tread.

The dead come forth, that voice unsilenced, sounding
As many waters of a mighty sea,
And passed from death to life they sit around Him.
. . . That feast is spread, O ransomed soul, for
thee.

ETERNAL REDEMPTION

“In whom we have redemption through His Blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace.”—EPH. i. 7.

FORGIVEN, forgiven, forgiven,
For all and for ever—
Sins cast in the depths of the sea—
In heaven or hell there is nought that can sever
My soul from Thee.

Thine own, Thine own, and Thy ransomed,
Bought with the Blood of Thy Cross,
I count for Thy love everlasting
All things but loss.

Dost Thou not fill all the heavens?
Only Thyself I see
Where the myriad stars are burning,
Thee, only Thee.

Art Thou not here my Refuge,
My Tower, my Citadel strong?
Art Thou not all the Sweetness
Of my soul's eternal song?

THE SAMARITAN

“ A certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was.”
—LUKE x. 33.

JESUS the despised, the outcast and the stranger,
Came where I lay—
As the Shepherd sought His sheep on the wild and
lonely mountains
In the cloudy and dark day.

Never had I called Him, never had I sought Him,
Himself He came to me ;
O helpless one and naked, He said when He beheld me,
I have pity upon thee.

Wine and oil He poured from stores of His compassion,
Tenderly poured—
Binding up my wounds with Hands that made the
Heavens—
Jesus, my Lord.

Long He bare and carried me in strength wherewith
He rideth
On tempests and on calms—
Gently did He bear me, beneath me was the refuge
Of everlasting arms.

Safe unto the shelter He brought me, and I rested
 In stillness of His love ;
All night He sat beside me, the radiance of His
 presence
 Around me and above.

Through lingering night-watches His eye was resting
 on me,
 For my need I could not tell ;
He felt it in His love, as His, for so He loved me ;
 And thus He knew it well.

Awhile He has departed, He has left me healed and
 strengthened ;
 “Do likewise,” did He say,
“I have left thee in good keeping, till I come again
 in glory
 Of everlasting day.”

Not destitute and helpless He has left me to press
 onward
 In traces of His feet—
Oh sweet will be the meeting, but His care whilst yet
 I journey
 How marvellously sweet.

So likewise would I journey, where helpless and
unpitied

Lie those as I lay then ;

His name as wine and oil He has left me for their
healing,

Until He comes again.

A GOD AT HAND

“Thou art near, O Lord.”—Ps. cxix. 151.

THOU dreamest of a God Who dwells in some far
distant sky,

Thou knowest not the Heart of love that is for ever
nigh.

“I knew not”—said the wanderer who saw the
ladder stand

Between the throne of God, and his waste and
lonely land.

But Abraham could build beside his pilgrim tent
An altar to God near him, wheresoe’er he went.

G. T. S.

REST

“Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”—MATT. xi. 28.

As a Stranger unregarded
God thy Saviour stands ;
See His eyes of strange compassion,
See His Feet and Hands.

“It is I Myself—behold Me
Walking on the sea
Of thy turmoil and thy sorrow—
Sinner, come to Me.”

Well He knows the starless midnight
Of the lonely caves,
Far below the sunny billows
And the crested waves.

He, amidst the songs and laughter,
Hears the heart's despair,
Told in idle words and mocking,
Yet untold in prayer,

Stirring all His heart's compassion,
Joyless soul, for thee—
And in answer hear Him calling,
“Come at last to Me.”

Which wilt thou, the fading tinsel
And the withering rose,
And the sparkling spring whence only
Bitter water flows ;

Or the gold once tried in fire
When in darkness dread
Jesus bare the curse, the judgment,
Smitten in thy stead ;

Crowned with thorns of thy deserving,
Whilst upon thy brow
He could set His crown of glory,
With the oil of His anointing,
Seal thee now.

See beside the living waters
God's unfading Tree,
Fruit for meat, and leaves for healing,
Banquet spread for thee ;

By the stream from deepest fountains
Of the love divine
Sweet and pure for ever flowing—
Say—shall this be thine?

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

“The Son of man is come to save that which was lost.”—
MATT. xviii. 11.

For the lost on the lonely mountains
In mist and snow,
For the thirsty whose desert fountains
Dried long ago—
Jesus came.

For the weary who followed a phantom
Through waste and fen,
And found when they called but an echo
Answering again—
Jesus came.

For the tears in the silent chambers
Which no man dries—
For the blank and desolate-hearted
With tearless eyes,
Jesus came.

For the lone and world-worn in splendour
Of stately throngs,
For the souls in laughter despairing
Sad in their songs,
Jesus came.

For the guilty, the base, the polluted
Whom men disown—
For those who despise the Saviour
They have not known,
Jesus came.

For those who with tears and with kisses
Would wash His feet,
And low in the dust would anoint Him
With ointment sweet,
Jesus came.

For those who in pride receive Him
Without a kiss,
Yet clad in their rags of pollution,
Their righteousness,
Jesus came.

For thee He came and He suffered
A doom unknown,
And thee from His glory He calleth
To sit on His throne—
Come—Come—Come !

*“THAT IMPERIAL PALACE WHENCE
HE CAME”*

“When he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father’s have bread enough, and to spare, and I perish with hunger.”—LUKE xv. 17.

THERE rose a mighty famine in that land
Where once was feast and mirth ;
And bare and lonely lay on every hand
The desolated earth.

And he who wandered there lamented not
The songs that were no more ;
But ever haunted him a shapeless thought
Of something long before.

There came to him a yearning strange and deep
For gladness past away,
Before the dreamlight of his troubled sleep
Some long-forgotten day.

As if the longing passionate and wild,
Desires that search and roam,
Were but the memories of the long-lost child,
The beckonings home.

One last reminder of the soul that came
From glory long ago—
That need insatiate that hath no name
Of him who hath a lost and vanished claim
Which none besides may know.

The swine can eat the husks and be content—
He knew some garden fair,
Ere into homeless banishment he went ;
The Tree of Life was there.

Last relic of his bliss to hunger still—
God asks of him no more ;
It is His blessed joy the soul to fill
From His exhaustless store.

For God hath yet a garden and a tree,
A gate that open stands
For those who hunger on the withered lea
And in the barren lands.

The Tree of Life grows green beside the flood
Of living water still,
For Jesus is the fountain and the food
For all who will.

The Gift of God to His rebellious son,
 A glorious gift and free—
 Because thou art the lost, the hungry one,
 He gives His Bread to thee.

He gives thee Christ to be thy food and drink,
 To be thy strength and stay ;
 He gives not as we ask or as we think,
 He waits not till we pray.

Before, beyond, all longing and all prayer,
 That Gift of love was given—
 Before we knew the earthly fields were bare
 He sent the Bread from Heaven.

He calleth, "Eat, O friends"—the feast is spread,
 He pours the heavenly wine—
 Himself the blesséd Cup, Himself the Bread ;
 Christ, Christ is thine.

COMING TO THE WATERS

“Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters.”—
ISA. lv. 1.

I AM come unto the waters,
Thou didst call me by my name—
Thou didst call unto the thirsty,
I was thirsty and I came.

Oh the draughts of life eternal !
There would I beside that river
Lay me down the parched and weary,
Drink for ever and for ever !

Drink from out the depths unfathomed
Life eternal, life divine—
Thou, O measureless, exhaustless,
Thou for evermore art mine.

Lo, I come to buy, rejoicing
That with empty hands I come :
Meted to me by the measure
Of Thy love's exhaustless sum

Are the riches of Thy treasure
Fathomless and full and free,
Christ Thy Gift, O God my Father,
To the destitute, to me.

Wine of Thine eternal gladness
Hath Thine Hand in bounty poured,
More than fills my cup of blessing,
Love divine of Christ my Lord.

Love the golden fruit has gathered,
Love that mighty wine has spiced ;
Mine is now the joy of Heaven,
For that joy is Christ.

THE GATE OF THE LORD

“Enter into His gates with thanksgiving.”—Ps. c. 4.

O GATE of the Lord ! I had dreamed of Thee,
In nights when in darkness I slumbered,
A Gate that was bolted and barred to me,
Because of my sins unnumbered.

I dreamt of a high and a dreadful Gate,
Where I knocked in fear and weeping—
Where God’s white Angels in solemn state
Their watch and their ward were keeping.

. . . O Gate of my Father, revealed to me
In glorious light of the morning,
O Gate which the lost and the weary see,
But hid from the eyes of the scorning ;

I came to Thee—but I could not knock—
Thou wert open, O Gate, before me ;
There was never a bar, and never a lock,
And Welcome ! was written o’er Thee—

I could not ask, for the Lord stood there,
And *His* was the sweet imploring ;
I could but enter that Gate so fair
In wonder and in adoring.

Within—in the Home of ancient peace,
In the House of the Father dwelling ;
How should the song of my gladness cease,
The joy of His welcome telling ?

At home with Him whilst the feet must tread
Awhile the paths of the desert ;
Here with His manna unfailing fed,
And there with His love unmeasured.

ONCE A LEPER

“He is a leprous man, he is unclean : the priest shall pronounce him utterly unclean . . . his clothes shall be rent, and his head bare, and he shall put a covering on his upper lip, and shall cry, Unclean, unclean.—LEV. xiii. 44, 45.

“It came to pass, that, as they went, they were cleansed. And one of them, when he saw that he was healed, turned back, and with a loud voice glorified God, and fell down on his face at His feet, giving Him thanks.”—LUKE xvii. 14-16.

CLEANSED ! O my God, I adore Thee,
The years of my exile past !
Lord Jesus, I fall before Thee,
Eternally healed at last.

In place of the rent attire,
The righteousness that was mine,
The rags unclean and polluted,
My raiment as white as Thine.

The head once bare and dishonoured
Is crowned with Thy crown of gold ;
By lips that had breathed pollution
The tale of Thy love is told.

Thine is the power and glory,
Thy love as an endless sea—
Low, low at thy feet I adore Thee,
Thy banished brought home to Thee.

Cleansed by the Blood of Thy Passion,
That flowed for me long ago ;
In that everlasting fountain
Made purer than mountain snow.

Sweet is the health and the cleansing,
But mine is a joy more sweet,
On the golden floor of Thy Heaven
To kneel and to kiss Thy Feet.

Cleansed—yet it was not pity
That healed the sick and defiled,
But the yearning of God the Father
To fall on the neck of His child.

THE GARDEN OF THE LORD

“The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places ; yea, I have a goodly heritage.”—Ps. xvi. 6.

IN a peaceful land and holy,
Land unseen by mortal eyes,
God hath still His blessed garden,
Still His Paradise.

That fair garden hath not vanished
Save from eyes of blinded men—
Hark ! God calleth to His banished,
Come ! O come again !

See ! the flaming sword no longer
Guardeth the eternal Tree—
Open stands the Gate of morning,
Wandering soul, for thee.

Hark ! once spake His voice Who loved thee,
Loved thee, sinner, in thy sin,
Wake, O sword, against My Shepherd !
Let the flock pass in.

In His grave for ever buried
Lies the guilt thy lips confess ;
All thy sin, and all thy sorrow,
All thy righteousness.

Leave behind thy condemnation,
Leave behind thy fear and doubt—
Can it be that He Who calls thee
Yet should cast thee out ?

There the God of glory walketh,
None to hide amidst His trees,
But His own, ashamed no longer,
Clad in Christ He sees.

From thy land of exile turning,
Welcome there, O soul, art thou—
Welcomed with His song of gladness
Now—even now.

“ WASH, AND BE CLEAN ”

2 KINGS v. 13.

“ Her sins, which are many, are forgiven.”—LUKE vii. 47.

BECAUSE my transgressions are many,
Are more than the hairs of my head—
The sins that are black and secret,
The sins that are crimson red—

Because on Thy Cross I have seen them,
Beholding how deep is their dye ;
Because Thine own lips have absolved me,
Here, here, O my God, am I.

Here, here, in Thy holy Temple
Brought near, in Thy Holiest place,
To show to Thy wondering Angels
The miracle of Thy grace—

The more as a dark remembrance
Those sins in their terror arise ;
The more to my soul they are bitter ;
The more they are black in mine eyes,

The more must I wonder and worship,
Beholding how great was the debt
By Thee, Lord, forgiven, forgotten,
Though I must remember it yet.

For Thou on the throne of Thy glory
Hast shown me Thy Hands and Thy Feet ;
Thou sayest, Behold the forgiveness
Eternal, and sure, and complete ;

Well known to Me measure and number
Of sins that in part thou hast known,
To Me in Mine agony measured—
To Me in Mine anguish alone.

Say, is it enough, O belovéd ?
O sinner, behold Me and see,
Is there sorrow like unto My sorrow
As that which was done unto Me ?

. . . My God and my Saviour, as surely
As Thou art in glory in Heaven,
So surely I own it, rejoicing
That I, even I, am forgiven.

PEACE

“Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee.”—ISA. xxvi. 3.

“He is our Peace.”—EPH. ii. 14.

THERE calm and still in fair celestial light
Lies God's eternal sea,
From thence amidst the tempest and the night
He spake to me.

He called me with a still and tender voice,
Resistless and divine—
His rest is there where His beloved rejoice,
That rest is mine.

An endless tide of deep untroubled peace
Is Christ in Whom I dwell;
Far, far below there rave the tossing seas
I knew so well.

I hear the thunder of the distant waves,
A murmur low and dim,
Of restless waves amidst the hollow caves—
I rest in Him.

Safe harboured in the everlasting Home
Of everlasting love,
With Him to yearn for wandering souls that roam
As Noah's dove—

Who find amidst the waste of waters wild
For weary feet no rest,
Whilst gladly God would fold His long-lost child
Upon his breast.

It is from out the sweetness and the calm
To thee, O soul, He calls—
So near to thee the song, the crown, the psalm,
The palace halls. . . .

There, entering from my drear and lonely lands,
One moment hath sufficed
To pass the mystic Door that open stands—
That Door is Christ.

“JESUS ONLY”

ONLY Jesus ! Rock of Ages, safe and sure beneath
my feet—

Only Jesus is the Fountain whence there flow the
waters sweet ;

Only Jesus is the Image of the God my soul would
see ;

Only Jesus is the Shepherd ever feeding, leading me.

Only Jesus is my power, glorious, victorious might,

Only Jesus, pure and holy, is my Raiment clean and
white.

Only Jesus is my 'Treasure, inexhaustible, untold,

Only Jesus, here and yonder, when I tread the
streets of gold.

G. T. S.

“THE BEST ROBE”

LUKE xv. 22.

To the garden the Lord had planted
In the cool of the day He came,
And the sinner, his sad eyes opened,
Made raiment to hide his shame.

He feared to stand in Thy Presence,
For holy, O God, art Thou—
How may I come before Thee
And stand in Thy Presence now?

Where is the robe to cover
And hide my sin from Thine eyes?
They are keen as a flaming fire
To pierce through the soul's disguise—
How may I come?

. . . Then from the house of His treasures
God brought a Robe most fair—
Such raiment of glory and beauty
No Angel in heaven might wear.

Was it to hide the dishonour
Of the sinner stained and defiled?
Nay—but to witness to Heaven
Of that which befits His child.

No longer the sinner polluted
Stood guilty before His Face,
But alive with the life of Jesus
Another stood in his place.

Another, for whom the splendour
Of the glorious Robe was meet,
As the bride is adorned with jewels
Because she is fair and sweet.

The sin and the sinner for ever
In the grave of the garden lay,
And the stone on that sepulchre lying
No angel should roll away.

The child of the new creation,
Born of the Spirit and Word,
The living in Christ arisen,
One with his living Lord—

Stainless and pure and fearless
 Stood in the Face of God ;
The witness to all the heavens
 Of the worth of the precious Blood .

Now the transformed could worship
 Where the sinner wept before,
Clad in the raiment of Heaven,
 And Christ was the Robe he wore.

BETHESDA

“Jesus saith unto him, Rise, take up thy bed, and walk.”—
JOHN V. 8.

HE found me alone and helpless—
The healing waters were nigh,
But I could not plunge beneath them—
I must wait—wait and die.

He spake, and the swift strong River,
The River of life divine,
Flowed from the depths unfathomed,
From His heart into mine.

Made whole for ever and ever,
From death to life I had passed,
A son of the Lord Almighty,
Strong in His might at last.

Then from His mouth the commission,
The glorious mandate came—
“As I have walked on the waters,
Go thou and do the same.

“Go tread on the lion and adder,
I, the Lord, am thy strength,
And under thy feet the dragon
Shall lie in the dust at length.

“Go, walk where the dead are lying ;
The life I have given to thee,
From thee shall flow as a river,
They shall rise and sing to Me.

“Go, walk where the broken-hearted
Weep in the lonely ways ;
My wine and My oil I give thee,
And garments of joy and praise.

“Go, walk where I walked before thee,
And heal the smitten and torn,
And clothe in My glorious raiment
The naked and forlorn.”

And therefore in fearless triumph
Is the journey of the soul,
For He Who said “Walk” is Jesus,
The same Who hath made me whole.

DESERT FOOD

“He looked, and, behold, a cake baken on the coals, and a cruse of water at his head.”—I KINGS xix. 6.

A LONG day's journey in the wilderness,
To go I knew not where.
Before me, far into the burning west,
The desert of despair.

Behind me shattered hopes, and fear, and hate :
An empty past.
O God ! my soul is spent and desolate,
I cast me down, and for Thy call I wait
That I may die at last.

It is enough, my God—at rest, unknown,
My fathers sleep,
And why should I live on ? for I have sown
And may not reap.

Beneath the shadow of the desert tree
I lay and wept ;
And from the Lord a blessed stillness came,
And in His Arms I slept.

.

A touch that reached the soul, and I awoke,
A Voice most sweet ;
In speech of the eternal home it spoke,
“ Arise and eat.”

Beside me was the Bread that came from Heaven,
The water of God's River ;
A gift mysterious His hand had given
That I might live for ever.

I asked for death—He gave me endless life ;
I slept beneath His wings,
At rest from fear, from hate, from fruitless strife,
From bitter questionings.

But that eternal life He granted not
For such sweet rest alone ;
Far higher than my thoughts His blessed thought,
For He would bring me to a place unsought,
That place His own.

A place most still and glorious—very far
From all the stir of men ;
Anew He touched me, and the Morning Star
Shone as I woke again.

“ Arise and eat, the journey is too great.”

And once again there stood
Beside me in the waste most desolate
The heavenly food.

So ate I, and I drank eternal strength,
And on my way I wend,
For well I know that I shall reach at length
The glorious end.

Upon His holy mountain I shall stand
And see His face,
And I shall hear His voice in that fair land,
That holy Place.

HEARKEN!

“He said, This is the rest wherewith ye may cause the weary to rest; and this is the refeshing: yet they would not hear.”—
ISA. xxviii. 12.

HEAR! hear the Voice that is calling—
Is calling, O Soul, to thee—
Midst the thousand Babel voices
And the roar of the restless sea.

A Voice that is deep and tender,
Of mighty and solemn tone,
Heard amidst thousand voices
In its glory all alone.

To thee none other has spoken,
For the words of none may reach
Thy lonely hidden chamber
In faltering earthly speech;

Save the Voice that of old in Eden
Spake in the evening breeze—
Wilt thou answer, O soul, and worship,
Or hide thee amidst the trees?

To thee and to-day it calleth ;
To-morrow it may not call ;
The day like a dream is passing,
And the silent night will fall.

Hearken ! He speaks of a sorrow
Unshared, unfathomed, unknown ;
Of an hour of nameless anguish,
Of the cup that He drank alone.

He tells of the night in the garden,
The agony deep and dread ;
Of the sword that has smitten the Shepherd
That smote Him, O soul, in thy stead ;

When veiled in the horror of darkness,
Forsaken, He bare thy sin ;
Of the veil which His death has riven
That thou mightest pass within.

Within—where the Father greeteth
The son from the far-off land ;
Where His robe he wraps around him,
And sets His seal on his hand.

He tells of the feast and the music
Awaiting the son who was lost,
Brought back by a love almighty,
Brought back at a measureless cost.

This is the Voice that speaketh,
Calling, O soul, to thee ;
For thee is the home and gladness
To be, or never to be ?

Shall the song to thy mouth be given,
And the glorious crown to thy head ?
Shall He say, I have found my lost one ;
He liveth, who once was dead ?
Answer Him now.

THE ANSWER

“The blind and the lame came to Him . . . and He healed them.”—MATT. xxi. 14.

LORD JESUS, my God and my Saviour,
Before Thy feet do I fall ;
The blind who at last has seen Thee,
The deaf who has heard Thy call.

Because I am stained and polluted,
Lost on a lonely sea,
Because I am broken-hearted,
O Lord, do I come to Thee.

I bring Thee my sin and my sorrow,
I can bring Thee nought beside ;
Yet I am the sinner Thou lovest,
The guilty for whom Thou hast died.

For me Thou wert cursed and forsaken,
For me was Thy soul athirst ;
And now, O my Lord, I love Thee,
Because Thou hast loved me first.

I take at Thy hands the remission,
Eternal, and perfect, and free,
That Thou on the Cross of Thine anguish
Hast won by Thy Blood for me.

I drink of the fountain that floweth
Fresh from the Rock that was riven ;
Thy Life-Blood my life for ever,
Thyself, my Home and my Heaven.

THE SUPPER

“He took bread, and gave thanks, and brake it, and gave unto them, saying, This is My Body, which is given for you : this do in remembrance of Me.”—LUKE xxii. 19.

HE took the bread that should stand as a sign
Through the ages far and dim,
Of the mystery of the Love Divine
Revealed in Him.

Then gave He thanks for the ransom paid,
The Body that should be given
For those whose names ere the worlds were made
Were written by God in Heaven.

He brake the bread—to the slaughter led
Must the Lamb unblemished go,
To bear the sin in the sinner's stead—
Lo ! garments dyed as crimson red
Are whiter than the snow.

He gave the bread—from the Hand divine
Whose glorious gifts are free—
He gave Himself, O soul, to be thine,
In measureless love to thee.

And still in the dawn of the heavenly day
The manna to man unknown
Lies white in the dew on the wilderness way,
The gift of the Lord to His own.

Still day by day with a lavish hand
Are the weary and hungering fed—
They heed not the drought of the barren land
Who feed on the heavenly bread.

And God rejoiceth in Him and in His
With Christ in His glory one—
Alive with the life of eternal bliss—
The life that is in His Son.

THE FRUIT OF THE VINE

“He took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it; for this is My Blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins. But I say unto you, I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I drink it new with you in My Father’s kingdom.”—MATT. xxvi. 27–29.

So took He the cup of the red red wine,
And thanks He gave to God,
For the fruit of the Vine, the token and sign
Of the precious atoning Blood.

The Blood which the righteous God should see
And pass by the sinner’s door—
The Blood which his ransom and price should be,
His shelter for evermore.

The Blood which should wash from guilt’s dark brand
The vilest here below,
That he in the light of God should stand,
And whiter there than the snow.

The Blood which should flow as a living tide,
As from the Rock the River,
And the weary drink and are satisfied,
And thirst no more for ever.

The Blood that should be the Life indeed,
Eternal and divine,
Of him who in weakness and in need
Shall drink the heavenly wine.

The Blood, the new and the living way
Whereby we enter in
The Holiest place to look on the Face
That will never look on our sin.

The Blood that made the eternal peace,
The guilt and the judgment past,
That the wanderings of the soul should cease
In the Father's arms at last.

He gave the cup, and said, Drink ye all,
My Blood is freely given—
Then sweet is the welcome, and wide is the call,
And open the door of Heaven. . . .

And His soul beheld how the shadow dim
Should fade before the True,
And His belovéd should sit with Him
At the feast where the wine is new.

From the banquet hall of the distant years,
From the glory around the throne
The song and the music reached His ears.
. . . And He sang a psalm with His own.

ETERNAL LIFE

“This is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son.”—I JOHN V. 11.

SUCH gift is Thine, O God, the Life eternal—

To Thee the sinner fled,

And stood transformed in life and light before Thee,
Arisen from the dead.

The tale of an existence never ending

Was told him long ago—

The murmur of a sad mysterious river

That must for ever flow—

On through the ages unexplored and endless

To wander without rest—

To reach no goal at last, to anchor never,

No sunset in the west.

. . . And now he sings, I thank Thee, God and
Father,

For that which Thou hast given,

The living water pure and fresh for ever,

From hidden depths of Heaven.

Life, glorious life, the marvellous awakening
In everlasting day
To light and music of a strange rejoicing
That shall not pass away.

There is a river that makes glad the city
The soul has reached at last :
First breath of Heaven from lips of Christ arisen
Has told that death is past.

The life of Jesus henceforth and for ever
A well of water springs
Within the soul that dwells in Christ in glory
Midst earthly wanderings—

A blessed cup of God's divine refreshing
Amidst men's toil and strife . . .
Go, give to drink of Heaven's crystal river,
For Jesus is the Life.

This His commission to the soul that drinketh ;
Himself the treasure stored
In earthen vessels, bearing to the weary
The gladness of the Lord.

The blessed music from the Father's palace,
The joy that is His own,
Borne far away along the stream that floweth
From depths of love unknown—

Far, far away, where lost ones stray and wander,
And where the hopeless weep—
The farther are the barren desert places,
More full the stream and deep.

As once the mother's weeping eyes were opened
The living well to see,
O soul, lost soul and hopeless, hear, He calleth
To show that well to thee.

BECOME A CHILD

“He took a child, and set him in the midst of them : and when He had taken him in His arms, He said unto them, Whosoever shall receive one of such children in My name, receiveth Me.”—
MARK ix. 36.

As a child within the arms of Jesus,
So would I be—
Hear him say, Whoso this child receiveth,
He receiveth Me.

Standing in the face of the disputer,
Looking on the wise
With the blessed gladness and assurance
Of an infant's eyes.

Hearing all the wisdom God makes foolish
As an empty sound—
Men may seek, and weary in their seeking,
But the child has found—

Found the wondrous secret of all being,
 Drawn unto the breast
Where he has his shelter and his safety,
 His eternal rest.

From the arms of Jesus he beholdeth
 All the pride of men ;
He is small, despised, and unregarded,
 He is greatest then.

Not by man's acclaim is he dishonoured,
 By his praise defiled—
Jesus is the gladness and the glory
 Of His little child.

Christ the Wisdom and the Power that speaketh
 By those lips untaught
In the wisdom that is ever seeking,
 And that findeth nought.

Working mighty miracles and wonders
 Thus the child is set,
By His hand to stand amongst apostles
 And to preach Him yet.

Knowing Jesus : knowing nought beside Him ;
 Knowing truth the world has never known—
Oh to be the child whom men behold not,
 Seeing Christ alone !

THE TRUE GOD

“The God of patience and consolation.”—ROM. xv. 5.

A WORLD without sin and sorrow,
A world without death and pain ;
And afar and afar, from star to star,
No shadow, nor spot, nor stain—

No sin to call for the judgment
Of flood and fire and dearth,
But peace in unsullied heavens,
And peace on the blissful earth.

As God is the God of the lily,
The God of the angels white,
So each and all at His feet would fall
In the worship of delight.

So known as the fountain eternal
Of music and joy and song ;
The beauty of things that are lovely,
The glorious strength of the strong.

And between Himself and His creatures
Eternal love would be ;
No blight in the harvest valleys,
No tempests upon the sea. . . .

But behold ! the vail of the Temple
Was rent in a day that is passed,
And the God through the ages hidden
Was seen in His glory at last.

The Father Who ran in His gladness
To meet His rebellious child,
Who fell on the neck of the sinner
Yet in his rags defiled—

The God Who made ready His supper,
In hedges and highways sought
The poor and the maimed and the wretched,
The outcasts who knew Him not.

Brought in to the feast and the singing,
Unwilling, unworthy, to share
His love for the Son of His bosom,
Whose agony brought them there—

Exchanging the throne of His glory
For weariness, shame, and loss ;
The Hands that fashioned the lilies
Nailed to the felon's cross.

Thus, O my God, do I know Thee !
The Man of sorrows and tears—
The crown of Thy Godhead's glory
Those three and thirty years.

Thus to reveal the Father,
The God of unchanging will,
The Love that despite all evil
Would be Love eternal still.

Not by the garden He planted,
By rivers with sands of gold,
By an earth unblighted, unsullied,
Can the love of His heart be told.

O God, not the glades of Eden
Speak to my soul of Thee,
But the desolate starlit mountains,
Gethsemane—Calvary.

The God of the stainless and sinless,
So is not the God I know—
But Jesus Who wept for the sinner,
Who has borne the curse of His foe.

A WALL OF JASPER

“Thou shalt call thy walls Salvation.”—ISA. lx. 18.

A MIGHTY wall, most great and high,
A wall unseen ;
Dark shadowy lands around it lie—
It stands between
The blessed garden of the Lord's delight,
The deserts of the night.
Within, the Lord doth walk at eventide
Ere sets the day ;
Around Him His belovéd ones abide
In white array.
The lion entereth not,
Nor ravening beast,
That still and sacred spot
Of song and feast.
But wandering souls without that sheltering wall
May enter in—
A welcome waiteth at the gate for all.
And there the Voice of tenderest mercy calls
Across the wastes of sin—

Come ! for the white array is freely given
That maketh meet
To walk with Christ amidst the songs of Heaven,
To worship at His feet.
Beneath the shadow of the sheltering wings
O come and rest—
Without, the weeping and the wanderings ;
Within, the sweetness of the heavenly things,
The Saviour's Breast.

THE GIFT

“As though God did beseech you.”—2 COR. v. 20.

HE spake to me in stillness of the night—

He said, “The Gift is given ;

And thine is the unspeakable delight,

The blessed joy of heaven.

For thee the table is in fulness spread,

Poured forth the heavenly wine ;

For thee My flesh was given, My Blood was shed,

For thee came down the rain of living Bread ;

All—all is thine.

“Thine all the riches of My glorious grace,

Unmeasured and untold—

The hidden treasures of My secret place,

My spices and My gold.

I gave thee all, for thee I poor became,

That rich thy store might be ;

And poor, with nought but hatred, scorn, and shame,

I gave Myself to thee.

“I gave Myself—what wouldst thou more than Christ,
Through endless years ?

I gave Myself—lo ! hath not this sufficed ?

For thee the mighty wine of love is spiced ;
Response to gall and vinegar of hate,
Mixed for the anguish of the Desolate
To plenteousness of tears.

“Far more than fills the measure of thy cup
My hand has poured—

And lo ! I fain would enter in and sup,

A suppliant at thy board ;
For *Mine* is the unsatisfied desire,

The hunger and the thirst—
Thy need was desperate, O soul, and dire,
My direr need was first.

“I loved thee, when to thee I was unknown,
A name despised ;

Thy door was locked and barred to One alone ;
One only—Christ.

Of that disdainful heart I died to win

I claim the whole ;
I knock and wait till I may enter in
The palace of thy soul.

Lo ! more than thou couldst ask My love has given,
Than thou couldst think—
O soul, I come athirst from highest Heaven,
Give Me to drink.”

THE QUIET LAND

“We which have believed do enter into rest.”—HEB. iv. 3.

BROUGHT from the clamour, from the murmuring
voices,

From restless winds and from the troubled sea,
To that fair land where every breath rejoices—
Brought home to Thee.

The still infinitude of God surrounding,
The mystery of love to man unknown,
The silence that is music ever sounding ;
With God alone.

The silence that is speech and glorious singing,
Both passing sweet ;

There sits beside the fountain ever springing
Another, yet myself, who hears ;

Another—dweller not in days and years
That change and fleet—

But one to whom the troubled sea is still,
A vanished sound,

To whom the songs and holy psalteries fill
The stillness all around ;

To whom the glory of a newborn day
Is fresh and fair ;
Not as the ancient sunrise passed away,
But still unfolding there ;

Uprising into everlasting noon
Where smites no sun nor heat ;
No night is there where rules the changeful moon
To guide the wandering feet,

But there the everlasting Light is God,
And Sun and Shade is He ;
In those still meadows green His staff and rod
Shall comfort me—

The sorrow and the gladness passed away—
The midnight and the stars ;
The soul goes forth to free and glorious day
Beyond the prison bars.

Through blessed valleys where my lot is cast
He leads me on ;
And there the winter is for ever past,
The rain is past and gone.

There bloom the flowers of His eternal spring,
There rests His Dove ;
It is the time when joyful voices sing,
The time of love.

Lord Jesus, Land of fountains and of deeps,
My Home art Thou,
Wherein high festival my spirit keeps,
Now, even now.

THE KNOWN GOD

“From henceforth ye know Him, and have seen Him.”—
JOHN xiv. 7.

ONCE seen—seen once and for ever,
O Face Divine ;
The Face of my Father, Lord Jesus,
Unveiled in Thine.

One look, and the rebel is vanquished,
The wandering heart is won ;
I know that God is my Father,
I am loved as He loves His Son.

The light of that love eternal
Has turned my night to day,
And the former things with their glamour
For ever are passed away.

O world ! hast thou yet an enchantment
For him who beholds that Face ?
A storm for the ship that is anchored
In the calm of His holy place ?

A song for the ear that heareth
The golden psalm that He sings,
Because the soul that He ransomed
Is safe beneath His wings ?

The Face that was bowed in weeping
When He walked by the mourner's side—
That He hid not from shame and spitting,
The Face of the Crucified.

Amidst illusions and shadows
The Changeless and the True ;
In Thy glory my soul has seen Thee,
And all things are made new.

By the mighty strength of Thy yearning,
By the spell of Thy love divine,
By the precious Blood that has washed me,
My Lord and my God, I am Thine.

A CROWN OF THORNS

“Esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt.”—HEB. xi. 26.

ALL hail ! the reproach of Jesus,
All hail ! the shame and the Cross—
For Thee, the Despised, to reckon
All things but loss.

To wear as a diadem royal
The crown of the world's disdain,
Because Thy light, Lord Jesus,
Shines in Thine own again.

How fair are the pastures lying
By the waters deep and still—
How fair is the golden city
On God's most holy hill ;

But fairer across the desert
The trace of His weary feet—
Oh sweet are His resting-places,
His pilgrim staff more sweet.

A Pilgrim athirst and aweary
He trod the desert alone,
His Face to the cross of His passion,
To the heaven He won for His own.

We tread in the path Thou hast trodden
Across the desert and sea,
With palms and with songs of rejoicing,
Because we are following Thee—

The face to the foe and to heaven
Unknown, defamed and despised,
Glad eyes on the goal resplendent—
That goal is Christ.

THE UNSLEEPING EYE

“The Lord make His Face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee ; the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.”—NUM. vi. 25, 26.

O THOU Love Divine, whose Face resplendent
Shineth on my way,
Sweet it is to be on Thee dependent
Night and day.

Thou my Guide along the lonely valleys
On the stormy heights,
Strength for days of burning desert journeys,
Light for starless nights.

Haven, sheltered by eternal mountains
Safe from wind and tide,
Sweetest music of the Bridegroom's gladness
Welcoming the Bride—

All in Thee ; responding not to cravings
In this heart of mine,
But to deeper needs, mysterious yearnings
Of the Love Divine.

Thou didst need me when I had not known Thee
Nor desired to know ;
Thou didst thirst for me amidst Thine anguish
Long ago—

All my sitting down and mine uprising,
Thoughts that stray and rove,
Weary steps and welcome resting-places,
Watched by Eyes of love.

Every word a listening ear remembers,
And behind, before,
Lo ! a tender Hand is laid upon me,
Guiding evermore.

If through starry pathways of the heavens
High in glory led,
Or in gloom and silence where are sleeping
All the ancient dead—

Everywhere I follow on and find Thee
Holding, leading me—
Borne afar upon the wings of morning
Past the utmost sea.

Unto me, O God, Thy thoughts are precious,
Countless as the sand ;
I shall wake with Thee from life's long slumber
In the blessed land.

THE GOAL

“ I will shew thee the Bride, the Lamb's Wife.”—REV. xxi. 9.

THE Lord in His patience is waiting
For the joy before Him set—
The Crown of all crowns of His glory
He wears not yet.

The sapphires lie yet in the mountains,
The pearls lie yet in the sea,
That amidst the rejoicing of Heaven
His Crown shall be.

He waits till in fairest adorning
His sister, His spouse shall stand
Beside Him in radiant morning
At God's right hand.

The songs and the psalteries sounding
Shall tell of the Lamb Who died—
How precious the Son to the Father,
To Christ, His Bride.

The Crown of the gems He has gathered
For ever in Heaven shall shine ;
O sinner, for this has He called thee,
His throne is thine.

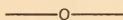
For not in His deep compassion,
But in His eternal love,
His pearls from the depths He beareth
To heaven above.

Awhile for thee the high honour
To be for His Name despised ;
To-morrow beside Him in Glory,
The Bride of Christ.

THE END



A Meeting and Parting.



THIS world can give us a meeting,
But always a parting again ;
But God gives in mercy a meeting ,
Through Christ who is coming again.

A meeting with never a parting—
Oh blessed, oh glorious word !
When we shall meet the departed
Who have slept with peace in the Lord.

Where sorrows and trials are ended ,
And nothing but glory we see:
No more a wilderness meeting
But a meeting from sin ever free !

